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TAKE NOTICE.

The Great Irish Orator, M. J. Fanning, will speak in Berea 2:00 and 7:30 P. M. Friday, May 25. Subject: Temperance and Temperance Laws. Admission free. Collection for the cause.

COMMENCEMENT JUNE 6.

Great speakers; inspiring music; home-spun fair. Let everybody plan to come to College for one day!

IDEAS.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city. —Prov. 16:32.

Quit yourselves like men; speak up, strike out, if necessary, for whatsoever is true and manly, and lovely, and of good report; never try to be popular, but only to do your duty and help others to do theirs, and, wherever you are placed, you may leave the tone of feeling higher than you found it, and so be doing good which no living soul can measure to generations yet unborn.—[Hughes.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The sensation of the week has been the President's message to Congress in regard to the breach of law by the Standard Oil trust, and action has already been begun against the trust for such offences. Commissioner Garfield reports that there has been no time when the trust has not been taking rebates from the railroads. This may be what has stirred the Senate up to replace the imprisonment clause in the Rate Bill. Even Aldrich, the father in-law of Standard Oil, voted for this amendment.

The paper trust has at last surrendered tho its officers threaten to reorganize in some other way so as to beat the law. The former president of the trust has said some vicious things about the "yellow journals" that have fought the trust. It reminds us of Governor Folk's saying that "All laws look blue to one who wants to break them."

The Senate is becoming fairly radical in its amendments to the Rate Bill. Either the Senators have seen a great light or they have put an explosive into the law that will destroy it when it is brought before the Supreme Court. It has come to pass that we fear the Senate even when it seems to be honestly striving to do something for the country. Now if it will pass the law for removing the revenue from denatured alcohol used in manufacturing and lighting, it may convince the people that it is capable of unselfish action occasionally.

There is a deadlock in the entire Committee on Interoceanic Canals over the question of the type of canal to be recommended. Senator Carmack, of Tennessee, has telegraphed to count his vote for sea level. This would give one majority for that type, but there was a dispute over whether the vote by telegraph should be counted. The Committee voted to adjourn to Wednesday. Carmack has been making the fight of his life for the Senatorship.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

The Russian Congress has met. The Emperor's speech was short, but the members of the lower house seemed to think there was too much of it even then, and there was no applause. The radicals wanted to demand an amnesty proclamation at once, but the Constitutional Democrats managed to side-track the resolution by skillful parliamentary practice. The Polish deputies have begun their campaign for autonomy. Things are looking stormy but so far an outbreak has been avoided.

The Sultan has backed down and agreed to evacuation of Tabah and the appointment of a commission for the delimitation of the boundary. His first answer was not acceptable to Sir Nicholas O'Conor, the British Ambassador, and the latter has insisted on complete satisfaction being given before the expiration of the limit set by the British note.

The Madrid newspapers of May 11 state that all the powers' signatories of the Algerciras convention have accepted the shares in the State Bank of Morocco which have been allotted to them except the United States which refused to participate. That is right. We have no call to mix in the Morocco business except when asked to act as an advisor.

In the British House of Commons last week, Mr. Bellairs, a Liberal, said that the only hope of stopping the present mad race in national armaments was an Anglo-American agreement. These two powers, he said, could guarantee each other against attack by any two powers and both could reduce their armament.

ADDRESS

Of Dr. James Robertson, of McDonald College,

At a Special Meeting at Berea College Chapel, the Night of Friday, May 4.

Dr. Robertson spoke as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—To be perfectly frank, I came here for my own pleasure. Sometimes the path of pleasure and the path of duty lie within the same hedges. It so happens on this occasion.

When I first found I could come to Kentucky I promised myself the pleasure of seeing Berea and of seeing the best that Berea had—in its young men and young women who were striving to qualify themselves to live out the largest and happiest and most useful lives they could, in this wonderful country which is to be yours when you are ready to enjoy it. I believe I own more of the outdoors here than half the people who own the land. I think I took more of that scenery into my heart and shall carry its glory through life—and some people think it commonplace and get no uplift and no inspiration from the Lord's handiwork, the drapery of the sky with cloud, the picture of the cattle on a thousand hills, in their grace and strength and quiet repose. I own that now, hereafter. I am enriched by coming down here—I shall carry off a whole countryside with me. What more can you make of it than I do? You may grow wheat and corn, but I shall get wheat and corn at home. And so I have enriched myself in capturing this land—without making you any poorer!

And I am delighted that you have such a good country. I hope you will make the best use of it. It would be an awful mistake for young men to be born into the glory of that inheritance and then to go through life with a cowardly spirit; to say, I am here and the world owes me a living; for a lad to come into one of these farm homes, to look out on men and brave hearted women who first came into the wilderness and hewed out those homes, and then say, Oh, it matters not whether I do anything or not; the world owes me a living and I'm bound to have it. Such a lad as that may have life—everything that his ancestors could leave, except their spirit—and that is the best and choicest inheritance you can have from these who have gone before you.

One of your countrymen came up our way at one time and told this story. Our people were making the most of the land there, but they were not doing quite as much as he thought they might do; they were a trifle more foolish than they might have been, a little more selfish than perhaps they should have behaved, a little less kindly to their neighbors than perhaps their ancestors might have liked them to be; and he said he would tell them a story about a Kentucky horse and a Kentucky boy. This boy was out on the roadside, straw hat, shirt front open and one good strong brace held by a nail pushed through. I know just what he looked like—I've seen a lad just like that up in Canada; sturdy and hearty and self possessed. A man came along on horseback, asking the way to some place, I rather think it was Richmond but won't be sure; the name has slipped me. But this man on horseback was a sight to the boy because of the kind of horse he rode. He was a pioneer preacher in those days and some Kentuckian who had no use for this horse, spavined and ring-boned and with every kind of blemish, gave this horse to the minister for his charger. Well, as the minister came along he said to the boy, "Which is the road to Richmond?" The boy was so absorbed in the attempt to find a place on the animal for another blemish that he did not hear the man. "Wake up, boy! Wake up, wake up! Which is the road to Richmond?', The boy woke up—"Oh, oh, who are you?" "Well, I'm a follower of the Lord. Which way do I go to Richmond?" The boy went back to the horse. "Oh, a follower of the Lord. Well, it doesn't make any difference which way you take— you'll never catch up with him on that horse!"

So you may have the best land for agriculture, and that inheritance, but unless you make the best of what you are and may be you will never catch up on anything.

I am glad to find you have such a good college, with a history that's worth cherishing. But every college and every system of education depends—not on the teachers, not on the students, but on the spirit and purpose of the people. I wonder why you all came here? If you came for the same object and with the same aims as the studeut who spoke on your behalf, then I wish you God-speed in every subject on which you griud your mind, on which you try to improve and develop your intelligence. For some lads come to school to escape having to do hard work. Some lads come to school to be able to get the nice, soft, easy positions. Another goes into the school to get education in order that he may slip through life easier—which means to do as little work as possible and get as much as can be gotten. Poor way! Still others think education consists in being able to do the marvelous and stunning things. We had a doctor up in our country like that. He was always "showing off" that he had a college degree and could use big words. He came to see a sick boy and instead of telling the boy exactly what he wanted he said, "Boy, extend your lingual organ, please. The boy did not know until that time that he was guilty of having a lingual organ and as the doctor did not explain, the boy kept his mouth shut. "Madam," said this learned doctor, turning to the boy's mother, "Won't you please convey to the understanding of your youthful offspring what I have told him?" And she said, "Johnnie, open your mouth and run out your lollicker for the doctor." And so Johnnie's tongue went out. The mother was really educated, and could use her education to help the boy. And that is the meaning of education—to be able to help people—help people into happiness, into usefulness, into the largest citizenship in your own land.

Now I want to say only a few things more about education. I was conversing lately with an old man who has made a heap of money in our country and he was complaining a good deal about the conditions of life now not being as good as when he was a boy. Sometimes when an old man is sick and in some pain he begins to think life is not what it used to be; but I fully believe it is far better now than ever before—we are going toward the light. There is that verse in the bible, "The evening and the morning were the first day"—not the morning and the noon and then the gradually increasing darkness, but the evening and the morning were the first day. That is the kind of life we should be living in this land of promise and light and glory. But the man said, "It seems now as though everybody is hustling for himself—the great thing to do is to get all you can for yourself." I think that old man was quite mistaken. Instead of that course of proceedure, the course for you is that of education, education that helps a boy to make the most of his body. I think in the first place of my body. I learned more by training wild colts, by shooting and by fishing, than I did by any other sort of manual training or body training I got. So you mountain fellows ought to be capable and strong, broad shouldered, self possessed. It's worth a lot to have that kind of education.

I sat in a theatre in London when Henry Irving was playing there. A little souvenir had been put into all the seats: "Be self-possessed; that's the true art of living; but make yourself somebody worth possessing first—that's the true art of education." To have a body worth having, clean and pure and honest and able to look any man or woman in the face and to live out the life God intended you to live, nobly filling your place, serving and lifting up the weak and helping on this good cause in making this land of liberty and freedom a land where righteousness shall prevail and where justice shall always be tempered with mercy—not exacting the last because it is your duty but giving because you are strong and willing to help more than the other deserves.

More than that, the complexity of life demands more of us now. I think if I had lived two thousand years ago what an easy time I should have had of it! They had a delightful time, a real good old time, those old fellows. Now you have all kinds of microbes and bacteria and albuminoids and other bugs in your books, till you are a little sorry there is such a lot of things. Let me show you what I mean.

I ran a creamery for the government at one time in the Northwest plains and the farmer's wife could keep the milk quite sweet for five days. It was a new, fresh country and there were but few of the germs that sour the milk. But after the creamery ran two years the cream had to come in every two days and was sometimes sour then. Germs had come in with civilization. It is harder to keep up with a complex civilization. More energy and alertness is needed, for you have a more difficult life to live. You are getting your training now for that life; therefore pay every heed to your studies, to get clear heads that think, think accurately, think clearly, think correctly, that you may be able to live out your life to its largest measure with happiness to yourself and blessing to your neighbors.

One point more: if you educate a man's body and make him light-fingered and educate his head and make him clever and quick-witted, what have you if you stop there? Only an exceedingly capable rascal, an exceedingly clever rascal, with a wily, supple body and a mind fit for any ingenuity. But if you educate a man's spirit to believe that he ought to be the largest and best that a man can be, then you have a well-rounded man, clear headed, good hearted, able to live aright, making life a blessing to himself and others.

Now a few words to those of you who are teachers, as to what you may be. I like that thought of the boy about the schoolhouse. I like Dr. Frost's remark that the old log schoolhouse was good. But I began to think of this: It is said that once upon a time there was a state of affairs when the priests of a certain people had only wooden chalices, humble and lacking in art, lacking in intrinsic value or merit; no beauty. And by and by wealth came, prosperity came, and everything was flourishing, and they had chalices of gold. And it was said that when the chalices were made of wood they had golden priests and when the chalices were of gold the priests had all become wooden men. Don't trust too much to the big, beautiful schoolhouse, lest the teacher may become a wooden teacher, lacking in heart, in spirit and in soul. The gold must be in you and with you if you are to lift up the hearts of the young children.

I remember some years ago in England I went to see the Derby, the great horse race. I suppose it is not wicked to go to a horse race. I never could see that it was—especially if your horse came out ahead. But there at the Derby were young colts under three years old, eighteen starters on one great track, trained for less than three years, and the race of a mile and a half run in less than three minutes. Those eighteen colts came thundering down where I was (I can hear them pounding still) and the one that won the Derby came in ahead in the last two seconds. His thoroughness brought him out ahead in just the last three great leaps. A good many young people will stick to a thing until they are near the end and then let go, when just the last bit was needed to make it right.

Some years ago I gave a small sum in prizes to school boys who would pick the biggest heads of the oats and wheat and sow them again and get better crops. Then I asked one of my friends for $10,000 to give for prizes. He gave the money. That was a big sum, but it is a big country. We go one-sixth of the way around the globe. We have more land than you have, but Canada is bigger than the States in every way! I am reminded of one of your men who said your great country stretched from the aurora borealis way down to some constellation in the south, and from some distant sky-point in the east through to the end of the second day after the day of judgment in the west! Still we have a big country up there.

So I had these 439 boys picking the biggest heads and sowing the seed and getting better crops. And all this started in the school-house. Now I have a nephew named Alfred Wheaton, and he was in this competition; and he had come out first for two years, and the prize was to be $100. He was a rather easy-going chap and he just failed to pick out the big heads of the crop for the third year; and when it was reaped he could not find the big heads, and so lost the $100 prize. He was going to school then. I sent him to college for two more years, and there he did the very same thing—never finished things quite as he ought to—was not thorough enough. I said: "Alfred, you'd better go and begin to earn a living. I have mothered you long enough (though his mother was still living); I am making you so that you depend upon other people and are not thorough in yourself." That was five years ago. The other day I had a letter from him: "My dear uncle—Now I see. I am sorry I was so slack, sorry I was so careless, and now I have earned enough money and I am going to put myself through college, and I will dot my t's, and all the rest, after this." Took him five years to learn that. If you young people will learn that lesson now, it will save you much in the future.

[CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.]